

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOV. 8, 1897.

WEATHER—Temperature slightly cooler; cloudy.

WALL STREET PATRIOTISM.

The break produced in the stock market by the possibility of "trouble with Spain," and by the Chamber of Commerce declaration in favor of strengthening our seacoast defenses, afforded a measure of the patriotic spirit that prevails in Wall Street.

Suppose there should be a clash with Spain on account of the Cuban inmates, and suppose measures should be adopted for strengthening our coast defenses and increasing our sea power; what patriotic American can doubt the result? Would it make our railroad properties or industrial establishments less secure or less valuable? Of course not. There would be no reason in it for a fall in the price of stocks.

But the spirit of timidity has been so long cultivated, a cowardly temper in regard to our relations with other nations has been so assiduously stimulated by the "moneyed interests," and so much distrust of the capacity of our Government to take care of our national rights has been fostered, that the bare suggestion of "trouble" with a decrepit and overburdened foreign power is enough to cause a scare in the stock market, which is said to be the barometer of business sentiment throughout the country.

It is in fact nothing of the kind. Neither the popular sentiment nor the business sentiment of the country is frightened at the prospect of war with Spain, which can only come as the result of Spanish outrage or folly; but the operators who make a profit from every turn in the market are quick to work upon the timidity of holders of securities and to stimulate distrust of the Government for the benefit of speculation.

If we had patriotic business men in "the Street," instead of greedy money changers, there would be a bracing up of the market whenever the Government was called upon for any act vindicating the power and dignity of the nation, especially when that act involved not the least peril to our commercial and industrial interests.

A FUTILE AGREEMENT.

The precise terms of the treaty between the United States, Russia and Japan, suspending or restricting pelagic sealing, which has just been signed at Washington, have not been made known, but it cannot of itself accomplish much. The direct concern of Russia and Japan is with the seal herds that resort to the western shore of the Pacific, and they have a direct interest in the protection of these.

But the sealing interests which have been seriously damaged from open sea slaughter are those of the United States at the Pribiloff Islands, and the slaughter has been chiefly carried on by subjects of Great Britain resident in Canada. There is no profit to Russia or Japan in this killing of seals as they go to and from the American "rookeries," and incidentally it may injure their own herds; and therefore they have been ready enough to enter into an agreement for stopping it, so far as their subjects are concerned.

But this will do us no good because it will not check the operations of sealers from British Columbia, which are the only ones that have done us any harm. That these operations have seriously diminished the seal herds resorting to the Pribiloff Islands, and are in danger of exterminating them, to our great loss, has been amply demonstrated.

There is every reason why Great Britain should be as anxious as the United States to put a stop to this destructive process. The skins which the sealers of the "rookeries" take are mostly dressed and prepared for the market in England, and the trade that is injured is as much an English as an American trade, though the English Government has not the same direct pecuniary interest in it as ours.

But the Canadians, who steal in between the feeding grounds and the breeding resort of the seals, and indiscriminately slaughter old and young, male and female, saving only a small proportion from sinking in the sea, appear to care nothing for the effect upon a valuable traffic and are reckless of the extermination of seal life. For the sake of the profit of each summer's piratical foray, they are willing to sacrifice the future interests of the United States and of their own mother country, and to keep alive an exasperating contention between the two nations.

Not until Great Britain is ready to take this matter firmly in hand, and, regardless of the selfish and short-sighted pretensions of Canada to a right to ravage the Pacific Ocean for seal skins, shall enter into a reasonable agreement with the United States and use all necessary means for its enforcement, will there be a peaceful and final settlement of this "Bering Sea difficulty."

PENSIONS AND LONGEVITY.

It is said that \$4,000,000,000 has been disbursed by the United States Government in pensions since the close of the war in 1865.

That is a dazzling sum to contemplate, but the statement only means that the course of thirty-two years this amount has been collected from the whole people and paid out to a small part of them, and thereby diffused back into circulation. The process of drawing in and pumping out has been continuous, and it is a matter of distribution and not of exhaustion.

But the most curious thing about pensions is the effect upon longevity. The number of veterans must diminish, but apparently the total number of pensioners does not, thus far, though we are assured that it will in the course of time.

This must be so, for there are only seven veterans of the war of 1812 left, whose ages range from ninety-one to one hundred and five, but there are still over 2,500 widows of such veterans drawing pensions. In fact there are still fifteen revolutionary pensioners on the rolls, chiefly widows.

It is calculated that \$4,000,000,000 more at least will be paid out in pensions, if the laws remain as they are, before the last pensioner of the civil war is gone. He or she is expected to survive until

1945, but of course it will be she, and she will have married an aged veteran in her tender years. It is a curious paradox that our generous pension system promotes at once extraordinary physical disability and remarkable longevity.

THE NEXT ASSEMBLY.

Apparently the Democrats will fall just short of controlling the next Assembly at Albany, but Boss Platt will have lost his grasp upon it completely. The Republican machine vote will fall considerably short of the Democratic vote. Two members from this city who are elected as the exclusive candidates of the Citizens' Union, and several decidedly Anti-Platt Republicans who have had the endorsement of that body, will hold an effective balance of power.

The Citizens' Union was as strongly pledged to home rule for cities as to anything in its variegated platform, and all the men to whom it gave support are opposed to the encroachment of State legislation upon the just powers of municipal government. We shall not be able to get rid of the obnoxious features of the Raines law and the oppressive interference of State authority with the liberties of our citizens for the next year or two, but we have raised a bulwark at Albany against further aggression from the "petty tyrants of the field," our rural legislators.

This is especially important in view of the power which the Legislature has over the Greater New York charter. Defective as that is, it gives us a larger measure of home rule than we would have got but for Platt's fatuous belief that the Republican machine could get control of the government of the enlarged city. Finding himself baffled in his designs, he might have tried to cripple the city and turn it over to the tender mercies of State commissions. If he had retained his hold upon the power of legislation.

We are made safe against that by the Assembly just elected, and we have taken the first step toward gaining for the cities of the State such a control of legislation at Albany as will ultimately give their people the boon of complete self-government in their own local affairs.

NO GUNS ARE NEEDED.

General Miles has recommended that Gatling guns be provided for the protection of the new Federal building in Chicago, because it is to contain the Sub-Treasury deposits.

He is quoted as saying that a detail of troops should be maintained in every city where there is a sub-Treasury, for the protection of Government funds.

This is arrant nonsense. Who is going to attack the sub-treasuries and plunder the Government? All they need is the ordinary defenses against burglarious attacks. The public money is the money of the people, and they will see it protected. Short work would be made of any mob that attacked a Sub-Treasury.

To put Gatling guns about the Federal building in Chicago would be an insulting implication that the people of that city cannot be trusted to have public funds within their reach, even in the strong vaults of the Government.

A LESSON OF LIFE.

A brilliant woman, who moved once in what is called the "best" society of New York and who left that social environment to become an actress, now declares that she has no regret for her choice. She has pursued her art, so she says, with an eye single to artistic accomplishment. She has found here and there friends who proffered a friendship to which the hollow politeness of society offers no parallel. And by her own talents she has achieved a competence for which she is indebted to no one.

It is not certain that what Mrs. James Brown Potter has done is not something which any woman of strong personal ambition and great talent might not envy. The woman to whom God, or heredity, gave genius has a right to employ that genius. The man who is balked of his ambition by family cares gets sympathy, perhaps, but not admiration. The woman should have equal standing before the people. If she must break home ties to give expression to what is best within her, it is not the part of those who believe that all humanity will be elevated by the striving of each individual upward to condemn her.

Success is nothing. The earnest endeavor to utilize whatever talent nature has given or to give expression to whatever conviction has been implanted in your mind is everything.

PERTURBATION OF THE TEACHERS.

The protest of the school teachers of this city against a general competitive examination in the adjustment of a new schedule of salaries is calculated to excite sympathy.

We have a superintendent of schools and assistant superintendents and supervisors. The best test of the capacity and the value of a teacher already in the service is actual work and experience. Are not the superintendents and supervisors capable of applying this test fairly and justly? If not, they are unfit for the duties intrusted to them.

No examination can be devised which will test so well what a teacher is worth as that teacher's actual success in teaching. The requisite education and knowledge are to be presumed after the teachers have been appointed, and then come that tact and discretion and that skill in imparting instruction which experience reveals, but which no formal examination can test with an approach to accuracy.

Civil Service methods degenerate into foolishness when they are applied to determine and adjust the salaries of a body of school teachers already in active service. Grade, length of service and merit as shown in actual work are the proper tests of value.

WHAT THE ELECTION MEANT.

Many men of eminence in politics in these United States have expressed to the Journal their views of the significance of the elections of last week.

Mr. Bryan and Mr. Dingley represent perhaps the extreme antagonistic contributors to this symposium. One seeks bright promise for the issue of free coinage of silver, the other thinks the elections mean the retirement of Bryan and Bryanism to the dark limbo of obscurity. One thing, however, in which both the Demo-

cratic and the Republican commentator upon the meaning of the late elections must agree is that municipal ownership of municipal franchises was approved by the voters. Setting national issues aside, the local issue of the right of the people to share in the wealth which they create was approved by an overwhelming vote. Dollar gas, public ownership of street railways, public regulation of all natural monopolies found its approval at the polls.

It is not only the "new Democracy" which won a victory last Tuesday. The conviction that the people have a positive right to share in the wealth they create was victorious also.

STREET RAIL- WAYS AND THE PEOPLE.

It is reported in the daily press that the Third Avenue Street Railway and the Metropolitan Street Railway companies are presently to clasp hands over the black chasms in New York streets. Like great potentates of Europe whose "spheres of influence" overlap, they are going to establish a modus vivendi. Like all corporations possessing monopolies, they will add by their action new proof to the immutable maxim, "Where combination is possible competition is impossible."

New York will be better off when these two warring companies join forces. Our citizens will not get cheaper fares, better service or more rapid extension of street car facilities. Yet our courts will be freed from the business attendant upon the warfare of these corporations and our politics will not be complicated by the rivalries of two money seeking concerns.

If the city owned the street railways, as the platform of every great party in the late election demanded, the people would profit where now the people are plucked.

A DELUSION AND A SNARE.

The so-called reforms for Cuba which the Spanish Cabinet is said to have agreed to would prove to be veritable Dead Sea fruit if accepted and applied.

A Chamber of Deputies of forty or fifty members, with powers of legislation in domestic affairs, sounds well, but a Governor-General sent from Spain and representing its government would have a power of veto.

His Cabinet or "Executive Committee" of five members would be chosen from this "popular assembly," but the Spanish interests in Havana would have no difficulty in getting members enough into the Chamber of Deputies to choose these officers from.

This scheme is not even autonomy, while what the Cubans will insist upon is independence and true American self-government. These "reforms" with a Spanish Governor-General in full control will be a delusion and a snare.

The political star of Mr. Mudd is said to be in the ascendancy in Maryland. Mudd may be a name to conjure with in Maryland, but it will never be able to spread itself over any considerable amount of surrounding territory.

Tom Reed thinks the newspapers should publish more elaborate reports of the debates in Congress. Coming from the man who has been making debates in Congress impossible the suggestion is highly charged with sarcasm.

The reports from the mountain counties indicate that some of the Kentucky people made the mistake of regarding the election as a free-for-all shooting tournament.

If Mr. Foraker is really Mr. Hanna's friend Mr. Hanna is of the opinion that the time has arrived for him to call off his troublesome friends.

The returns from the precincts in Mr. Quigg's Congressional district furnish that gentleman with another large consignment of woe.

The physician who refuses to endorse a new cure that is discovered by a rival is always shrewd enough to refrain from getting into an argument with a patient who has been cured by it.

Comptroller Eckels is to retire to a bank presidency. About all of Mr. Cleveland's prominent officials have retired to banks and corporation employment.

The up State voting has doubtless convinced Governor Black that there is such a thing as taking too much starch out of the civil service regulations.

A Pennsylvania man took the pains to go to the polls and vote before committing suicide. The voting habit is very strong in Pennsylvania.

The Boston voters will soon be called upon to elect a Mayor. This may give Boston a campaign with a little excitement in it.

The effort to introduce Tom Reed methods in the Reichsrath was not as successful as it has been at Washington.

The Union Pacific Robbery. The domination of trusts and monopolies, the wrecking and reconstruction by railroad jobbers, and the unblinking legal theft of all the best things in sight by big campaign contributors had made many good men despair of preventing the consummation of this climax of syndicated greed and wrong. But there was one agency that could avail. The unblinking press led by the great metropolitan journals, throughout the country exposed the job, and made it impossible for McKinley and McKenna to execute Hanna's contract with the syndicate without incurring personal political destruction.

The victory cannot be overestimated. The saving of the twenty million dollars is a great thing, but greater than any money saving is the proof that jobs and schemes can be broken up by the searchlight of publicity. Such deeds go through when newspapers are silent, when powerful influences are mustered, when public opinion is not aroused—Raleigh, on great is the power of organized wealth, they succeed too often. But—and this is the hopeful sign—it is possible to break a nefarious scheme—if there is enough publicity given to its plans and methods, and the public conscience is thoroughly aroused.—Raleigh (N. C.) News-Observer.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

The Journal and the Seal. The New York Journal should be congratulated on its efforts in behalf of the people in regard to the sale of the Pacific Rail Road. We are glad to see that Attorney-General McKenna took the Journal's advice, and by threatening to stop the consummation of the Cleveland bargain with the railroad trust, forced these scoundrels to pay Uncle Sam about \$4,000,000 of money justly due him. Well done, good and faithful Journal.—Washington (D. C.) Weekly Intelligence.

Marriages of Whites and Negroes. To the Editor of the Journal: When the law allows an "educated, well-bred" woman to marry a "robust, colored man with lame and sinewy hands and feet" it permits an act repugnant to the better sense of the public. The minister who performs these incongruous ceremonies should be denounced by every one having the least appreciation of social decency.

Think of the morbid condition of the mind of a refined woman, the mother of a child by a respectable white man, allowing herself to be seduced and seduced to be the associate of a degrading class—the companions out of negroes—their associates in all things—indeed, forever shut out from intercourse with their equals.

Incompatible marriages, even among whites, generally end in very serious disagreement, and my observation is that a negro is the most jealous of beings, and in an unguarded moment the white wife may find the negro's companions out of negroes—their associates in all things—indeed, forever shut out from intercourse with their equals.

I hear about daily strong expressions of disapproval of the law allowing blacks and whites to marry, and I should like to learn the opinions of teachers and women as to whether it would not be consistent with public sentiment to restrict this evil.

Dudes and Dogs In Brooklyn.

WHILE New York is agitating itself over the Horse Show that will pale into insignificance all other social doings next week, Brooklyn is arranging a Dog Show that bids fair to make its citizens forget their penurians in a wild rush to see the how-woos.

The show will be held in the old armory of the Thirteenth Regiment, at Hanson place and Flatbush avenue, Thanksgiving week, and James Watson, who is an expert in such exhibitions, assures me that the entries are already of such number and quality as to insure the success of the venture.

Heretofore when experiments of this kind have been made across the river we have looked upon them in the light of "trying it on the dog." But now Watson declares that he is going to try the dog on Brooklyn, and it really appears as though the dog would survive.

Ordinarily the denizens of the Borough of Manhattan are likely to tip the nose at everything that Brooklyn esteems as superlatively fine.

Even Tim Woodruff's waistcoats never impressed us over here as the acme of good taste.

But there is hope for Brooklyn yet. It is now a part of the city of New York, and with Van Wyck as Mayor it will gradually emerge from that provincial habit of thought which manifests itself in mode and manners and marks a Brooklyn man wherever you find him.

Even Frank Beard, with all his fancy shirts and gay neckties and costly toys that are always up to date, still has that indescribable something about him that indicates beyond the shadow of a doubt that his habitat is at the small end of the East River Bridge.

Why, then, is it worth while, you may ask, to pay so much attention to the Brooklyn dog show?

I'll tell you. In the first place, the dogs are worth it. In the second place, the dudes that are to judge the dogs are New Yorkers.

Jimmie Kernochan, who is the greatest living authority on the respective merits of the rose-eared and the tulip-eared varieties of French bulldogs, will award the prizes in this interesting class. He will also judge the fox hounds. If there were no other attraction at the Brooklyn dog show the presence there of Jimmie Kernochan as a judge would be enough to hold the interest of the chaplains of New York.

But he is only one of many of his kind. Jimmie Appleton is to judge the beagles; Wintie Rutherford, the fox terriers; Henry Beadleston, the bulldogs; Perry Tiffany, the bull terriers; Charlie Bernheimer, the poodles; and Dr. Dick Derby, the mastiffs.

Other judges are Robert H. Burrows, J. Blackburn Miller, H. W. Huntington, Charles Heath, Dr. H. Clay Glover, Dr. S. Bradbury, J. F. Holt, O. W. Donner and O. W. Lucy, but these are better known in dogdom than in dudedom, and therefore I bunch them, although they are to pick the winners of the St. Bernards, the Great Danes, the Russian wolf hounds, the setters and pointers and greyhounds and other big dogs of the show.

But the success of the Brooklyn dog show hangs upon the appearance of the New York batch of judges, and hanging there it will not fail.

Guthrie Nicholson, who married Miss Sallie Duncan Elliot the other day and thus achieved the proud distinction of becoming the brother-in-law of the joy of the Knickerbocker Club, Duncan Elliot, who is known among his affectionate intimates as "Dunc," is as fine a young Englishman as you could wish to know, and quite worthy of his new relationship to "Dunc."

By the way, "Dunc" is so popular with the Knickerbocker and Waldorf sets that they have made a verb of his nickname. In the vocabulary of these exclusives the verb "to dunc" means to do anything that is excessively enjoyable. It is intransitive and is regularly conjugated in all the tenses.

Could any chap have greater honor than this? Just imagine the satisfaction of having your sobriquet engraved in the language of your fellows to express the doing of delightful things!

When a Knickerbocker chaps wants to do something that appeals thoroughly to his sense of the beautiful he doesn't say "Let's have a good time," or "Let's enjoy ourselves," or "Let's be unconfined," or any other such commonplace phrase, but cries out "Let's dunc!" and forthwith he is surrounded by a congenial crew that are only too eager to take him at his word and "dunc."

But this is a digression. To return to Guthrie Nicholson:

As I have said, he is a fine young Englishman. For the last four years he has been cow punching in the great Southwest, but for all that is as modest as a girl and as mild as a lamb when not provoked from his natural serenity.

Some two months ago "Nick," as they call him in the ranch country, came into Kansas City with cattle from Oklahoma. He boarded a street car in the Missouri town, and the conductor at once sized him up as a bold, bad cowboy bent on disturbing the peace.

As is not uncommon with car conductors, this one sought to display his authority and his nerve. He ordered "Nick" to take his feet from the seat in front of him. The order was obeyed without a murmur. This encouraged the conductor so much that he came back in a few moments and said in a loud voice:

"Don't cross your legs! I said put both feet on the floor and keep them there! You can't bluff me!"

"Get out!" said "Nick," and the tone was such that the conductor "got."

That he remained on the boat platform until he caught sight of a policeman, whom he hailed at once and directed to the unsuspecting "Nick." In a moment the policeman had shoved a pistol into "Nick's" face and had cried out:

"Give up your gun!"

"Haven't any," said "Nick."

The policeman, who was trembling violently from excitement, if not from fear, wouldn't believe that statement until he had searched the supposed cowboy and found that it was true.

Then he got very gay, but "Nick" under arrest and carried him off to the police station, where he was kept for half a day before he could communicate with his friends and secure his release.

And now Mr. Guthrie Nicholson has a suit for \$5,000 against Kansas City for damages sustained at the hands of one of its fool policemen, and I am sure that we

all wish right heartily that he may win it.

What He Said to Win Five.

Newport is in the dark shadow of a deep grief at the prospect of losing Oliver Belmont from the list of its distinguished citizens.

Newport calculates that if Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Belmont restrict their residence in the City-by-the-Sea to a bare two months each Summer, as is now said to be their purpose, it will mean a loss of about \$40,000 a year to the various tradesmen there.

Cause enough for grief, isn't it? It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Belmont will make their permanent home in their new place at Hempstead.

Mr. Belmont has already disposed of his famous managerie to the city of Providence, and it is understood that his fancy farm, "Gray Craig," is in the market.

Indeed, the general impression in Newport is that Oliver intends to dispose of all his property there except Belmont.

What is Newport's loss will be Hempstead's gain.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

What He Said to Win Five.

FEELING unusually reckless and abandoned that day I gave the little Italian barber a small tip for the first time in the year and a half I had occasionally patronized his place. The shave was dear at the regular price, and, palmed, too, for I said I didn't want any more.

A fat, red-faced porter with the best for gold in his eye, headed me off at the door and said I needed a shine. This was true enough, but I always had my shoes japanned elsewhere because the porter was not particularly brilliant in the department of his calling. With a feverish insistence I failed to understand at the time he pursued me, and so ably advocated the shine proposition that I crawled into the chair. After getting one foot well under way the porter paused and said:

"It's a case of make nothing, get nothing in this business."

Then I knew he had seen me tip the barber.

"Don't you receive any salary for brushing customers?" I asked.

"Not a cent. It's make nothing, get nothing, and I've been up against it for fifteen years—two in Jersey City, ten on lower Broadway and three in this shop. I'm \$90 in the hole now for funerals," he added in a pathetic whisper, "funerals and doctors."

For an American citizen of English birth to find himself \$90 in the hole for funerals after a long and successful professional career of fifteen years is truly deplorable. I thought. The porter sawed away in silence with a brush in either hand, while the rolls of flesh on the back of his neck quivered and danced. Now and then he shook his head in a mournful fashion.

"Once I saved \$650 in three years at this business."

"That's a bad break," I said to myself, and the porter lost standing in my sight as a diplomat.

"Then I got married," he sighed. This was a master stroke.

"How much have you saved since?" I asked.

Dropping one of the brushes the porter snapped his fingers with an expression of hopeless despair.

"Not a blooming five-cent piece," he said, thus exploding the popular fallacy that the workman never begins to save money until he gets married and has funerals and doctors and things in the family.

"I had three kids and buried two of them," the porter went on in his saddest, most pathetic way, "but you bet your life I've had enough. Came near losing the other one, too. The first funeral stood me \$55, but I didn't go in so heavy on the next, because I had the doctor twelve days running at \$1.50 a day. There wasn't even no backs. I couldn't have and no funerals, either, only me mother backed me. She knows the undertaker. He buried her husband, and her oldest son and daughter, too."

I could but admire the exquisite delicacy of the porter in not specifying these deceased persons as his father, brother and sister. His mother's husband, son and daughter sounded more formal and did not tend to intrude collateral grief upon me.

"Mother pulls down her little old pension of sixty bones every three months, and she stands for the bills, but, of course, she loses if I don't make good."

"This pension, then, gives your mother a commercial rating among undertakers?" I ventured.

"She tells 'em I'm all right," he replied, somewhat doubtfully, "and I pay her back what little I can spare from time to time, but that ain't much. Poor old lady! She knows tough luck, too; but what the hotel bill, as long as I've got no health."

Here the porter emitted another sigh, motioned the blacking off his mouth and stopped the blacking off the upper lip. As I stopped from the chair the little Italian barber expended upon me a wink so wild, so subtle and so comprehensive that it ghostly truth shone out. I was being worked. The porter carried no back number funeral or doctor bills, and had never even been married.

He was a glittering fraud, if one ever existed, so when I passed him out a dime—the shine came to five cents—he made a most spectacular show of hunting through his pockets for change, while I looked him firmly in the eye and waited with my hand extended. Hate, avarice, baffled ambition and despair blended harmoniously on the blood-red face of the porter. It wrenched his heart-strings. I knew, to dag that nickel out, but fertile in resource, like all porters, he artfully contrived to drop the coin in his handkerchief. But he had to retrieve it from under a red push chair, and then, with my change, I went away.

This seems like a small matter, but then no man likes to be humiliated. Had the porter passed a hint on his alleged troubles, or kept his mouth closed except when inserting his thumbs for the finishing touches to the shine, he might have won my five.

CHARLES DEXTER.

Chances for a Sag. (Washington Post.) The Louisville Courier-Journal is exploiting Mr. Bryan as one of the first pillars of our national honor. We tremble when we think of the possibility of Bryan changing his mind and thus permitting our honor to sag at his corner of the loup.

Our Navy. (Detroit News.) Late statistics show that our navy now includes 141 vessels, several of which will float.

Must Pause and Readjust. (Washington Post.) Seth Low is compelled to pause occasionally and readjust his halo. The vulgar politicians are treating him as if he were an ordinary mortal.

Just in Time. (From the Washington Post.) That cracked water main came at a time when Mr. Pulitzer was sadly in need of some excitement to erase the Cisneros case from his mind.

The Wife. (Archives Globe.) When a girl leaves home to a bride she travels in a state of mind, and the gods have been good to her beyond complaint if she makes her first trip home in a chair car and feeds her babies from a lunch basket.

Chimmie Fadden and de Duchess. "SAY, on de level, ain't you glad its all over? If it had lasted much longer I tink I'd checked me job and gone Klondyking, for things down in our country place on de Sound was worse dan a convention of parrots and monkeys, and what t'ell it was all about nobody could tell me straight, and I had to tell de Duchess every day, till I was making up songs and dances so fast I taut I was a nifascope."

"Wait till I tell you; dere was his Whiskers shouting for Treer, Mr. Burton howling for Low, Mr. Paul opening small bottles for Van Wyck till he got such a crook in his arm he couldn't play golf. Miss Fannie pulling for George—which of course fetches me—and de Duchess talking all de servants dumb for Paddy Galk-sou, cause I give her de jelly one day dat Paddy's name was Fannie, and dat he was French. De Duchess taut Paddy was running for President, what was going to Washington and chop off de heads of de ducks what makes you pungle de good long green when you fetches a dress from Paris, what knocks de Duchess silly mad."

"Say, de only one